3/10/72

Dear Howard,

A number of things come together to persuade me that Ned has broken his agreement with me and in the stupidest and potentially most dangerous and most damaging way. Aside from what has always concerned me, the harm to the work, its inevitable consequence will be what I think he has in mind, probably without recognizing it, ruining any chances of doing any thing with Post mortem. I enclose my letter to him.

My purpose in writing is because you may come in possession of what is relevant to this and may not be aware of its relevance. It is also possible that you may learn things you may feel you cannot tell me. Or can in part only. I can understand this also. However, I will want to know anything and everything you can tell me that can in any way relate.

I'm not taking time to develop an argument. If you remember just one thing, that which made Lattimer so "happy", your own mind should take you far enough. Marshall had no independent basis for selecting him, could not possibly have after looking into it, couln't reasonably have without taking somebody's word, and openly violated the contract to do it, as the Archives then immediately violated their regulations. This is the same Marshall who needlessly and publicly defended Hoover and the FBI in public and with considerable attention at the Princeton conference. And Lattimer is happy to have been completely detached from him and any Kennedy? I don't think you really need more. And this is separate from the considerable damage that will be done Lil, me and our work.

In haste,

Dear Js, I hope the relevant enclosures will make sense to you. I add one thing I have not said in any of them, that Marshall considers Jackie, not the estate or the family, his client! This, too, is contrary to the specific language of the contract, under which, today, and as long as he lives, full responsibility falls on Teddy. This can make a kind of sense of much that hasn't, but I shudder to think of it. Under the contract, Marshall has but a single client, the executors of the estate, and Jackie isn't. Were you writing a novel, could you dream of anything potentially more sinister? This is the one new thing I have learned. When the full magnitude dawned on me last night, about an hour before the CBS China special I taped and mailed you this a.m., I couldn't keep my mind on the TV show and I have not the slightest idea whether what I sent you is worthwhile in any way or a waste of your time. I suspect that at the least it can have negative values. But none of this can make a bad situation here any better.

Haliburton lives. Mont Blanc is there, so you climb it. Having climbed it, the climbing has a purpose, so you spit and are proud that you can spit a mile. This is what has happened to the tiny remnant of what was never larger than a minuscule critical community, and I am aware that I am all alone in thinking the spitting is not a worthwhile accomplishment. After all, why worry about falling that mile and getting killed when as the great reward of the risk one can spit that mile? My expression os disgurt, futility and apprehension requires no response. It is merely FYI. Best, HW